

HERGÉ

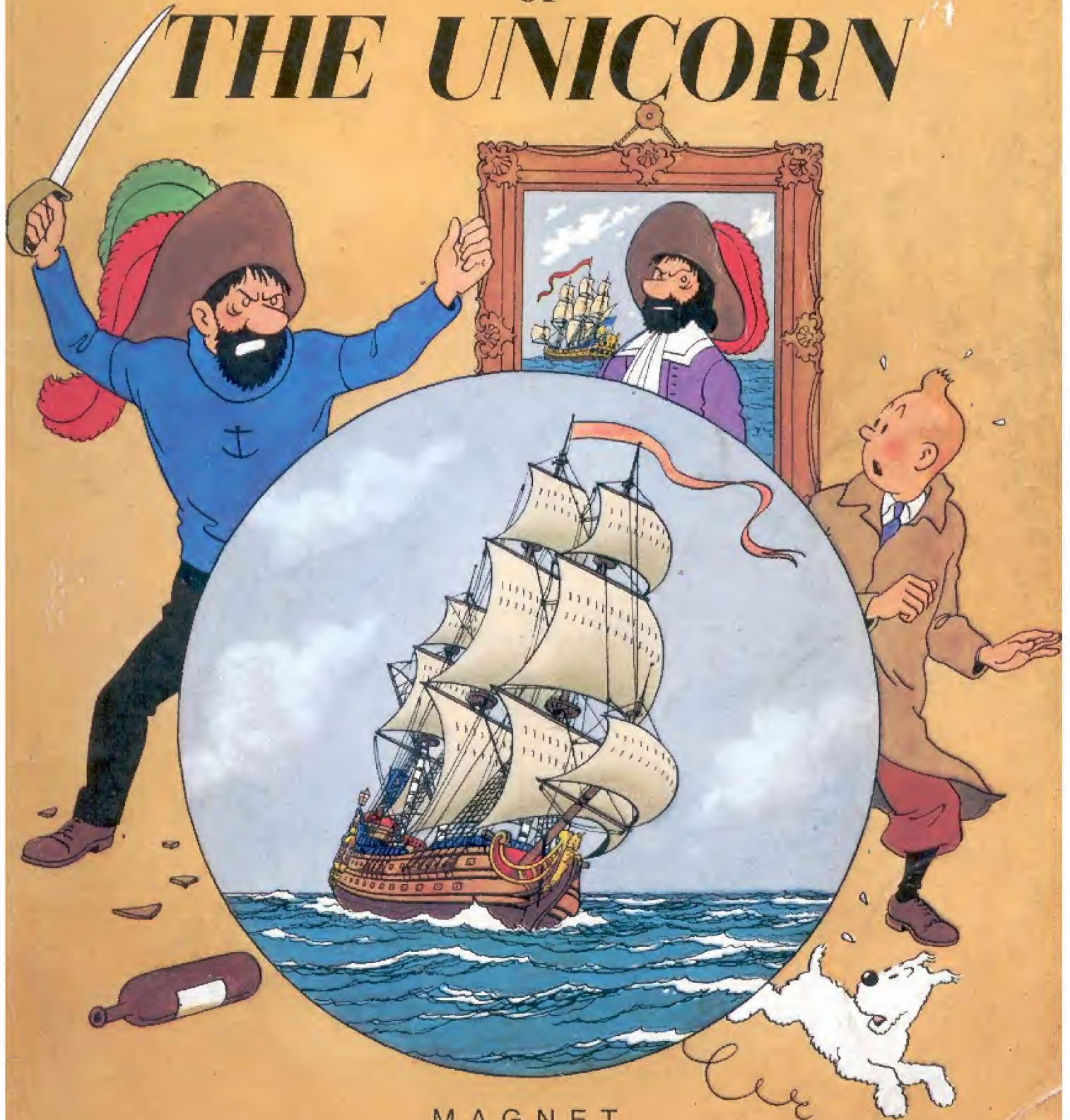
THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

\*

THE SECRET  
OF

*THE UNICORN*



MAGNET



# THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN



## NEWS IN BRIEF

**A**N alarming rise in the number of robberies has been reported in the past few weeks. Daring pickpockets are operating in the larger stores, the cinemas and street markets. A well-organised gang is believed to be at work. The police are using their best men to put a stop to this public scandal.

We must keep our eyes open, and catch these crooks.



How about starting in the Old Street Market? Tintin said he was going there this morning. Perhaps we'll meet him.



Why, there are Thomson and Thompson.



Hello! ... How are you?

Look who's here!

Tintin!



What are you doing here? Looking for bargains? Sh! ... Highly confidential! ... Special operation: pickpockets.

But that didn't stop us from finding this job-lot of walking sticks.



How much?

Eight bob for the lot.

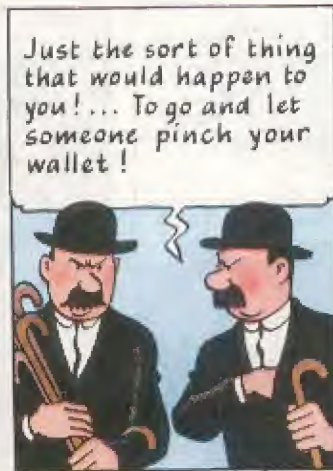


Six shillings.

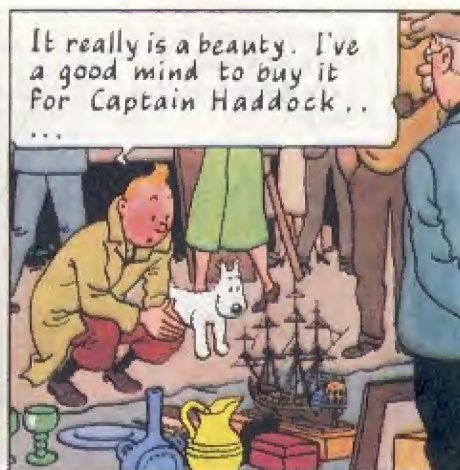
Seven... but I'm robbin' meself...



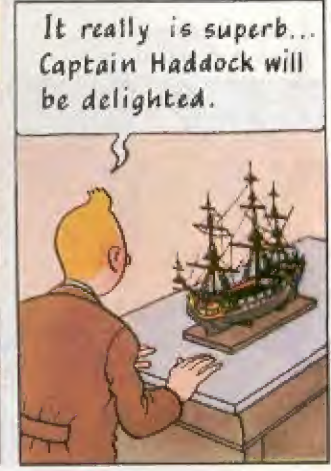
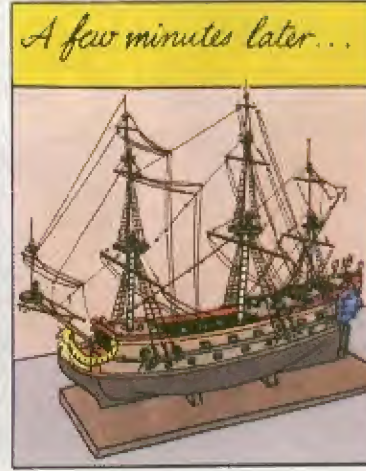




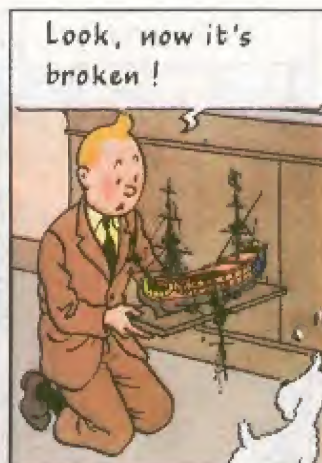












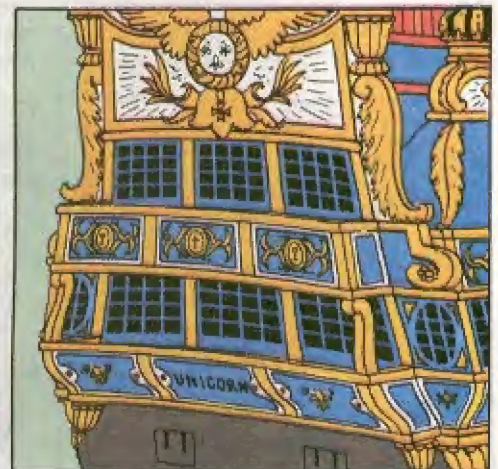
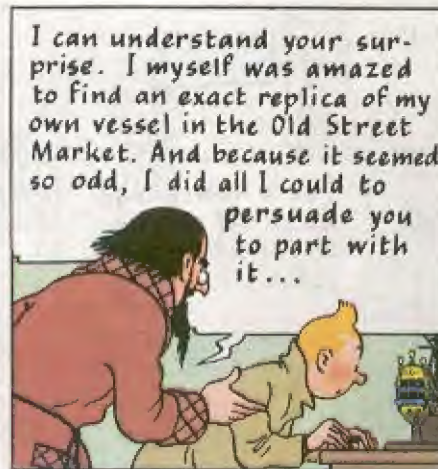
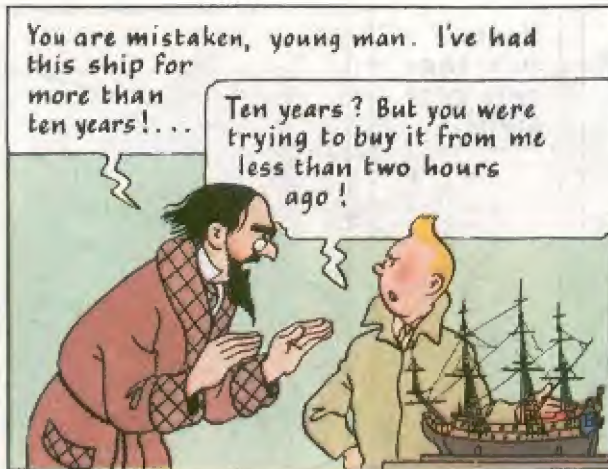




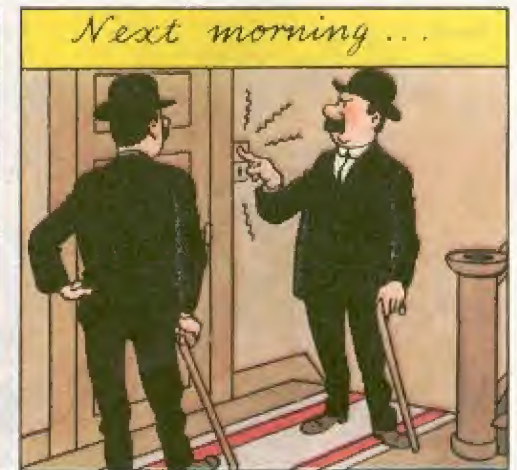
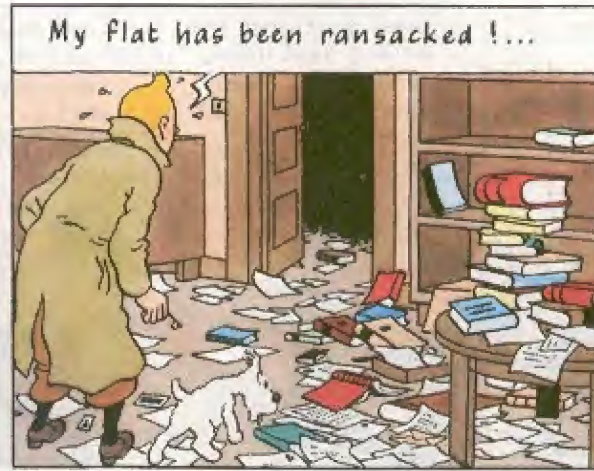


















Poor old Thomsons, they do have rotten luck!... There seems to be quite an epidemic of larceny and house-breaking.



Oh well, let's try and get these papers sorted out...



What are you after, Snowy?



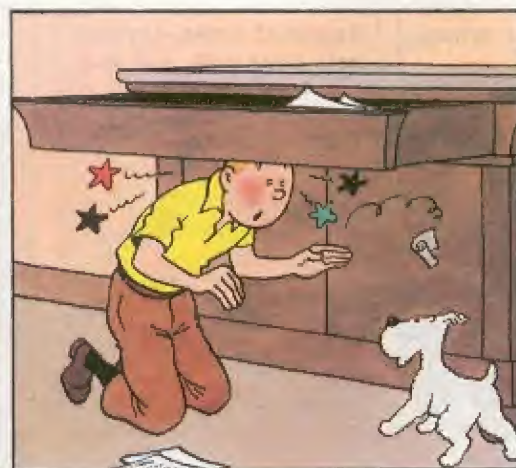
A cigarette, under there? That's a funny place...



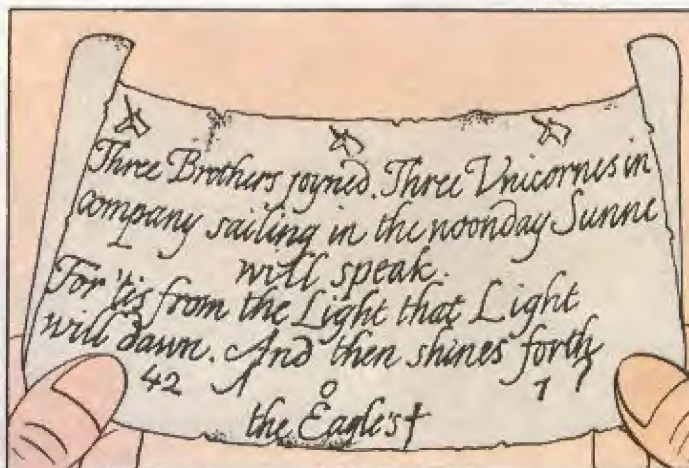
Why, it's not a cigarette... it's a little scroll of parchment...



But this isn't mine! Where ever did it come from?... Let's have a closer look at it...



Here's another mystery!



But it's all gibberish! And where on earth did this parchment come from, anyway?





Great snakes! I've got it... This parchment must have been rolled up inside the mast of the ship. It fell out when the mast was broken, and it rolled under the chest...



And that explains something else! ... Whoever stole my ship knew that the parchment was hidden there. When he discovered the scroll had gone, he thought I must have found it. That's why the thief came back and searched my flat, never guessing the parchment was under the chest...



But why was he so anxious to get hold of it? If only it made some sense... then at least...



I wonder... But... of course! ... That must be it! There's no other answer.



Quick, Snowy!... We must see the Captain.



Treasure, Snowy!... Come on, this is going to be a treasure-hunt!



Yes, I'm absolutely certain it must be treasure...



The old lazybones! He's still in bed!



No?... then where can he be?



No one at home. Perhaps he's gone out. I'll ask his land-lady...



Captain Haddock?... No, I didn't see him go out. Hasn't he answered the bell? That's funny...



Ill? He might be... His light's been on all night...



No answer?...





Captain! ... Captain! Open the door! ... It's me... Tintin...



Not a sound...



Still no answer...



Come one pace nearer and I'll blast you to blazes!



Shall I go for the police?



No... a locksmith would be a better idea!

I think... yes, he's talking to himself! This is getting serious!...



Ah, here comes the locksmith.



Got it?...



Nope... can't do it, guv! The door's bolted...



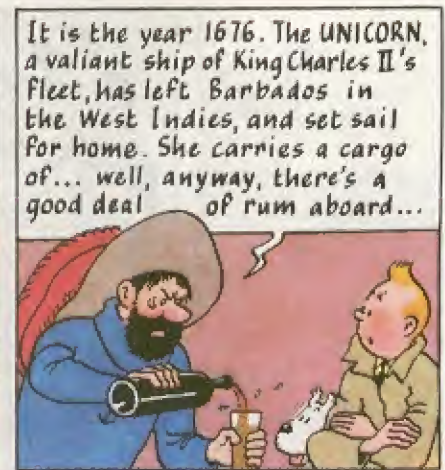
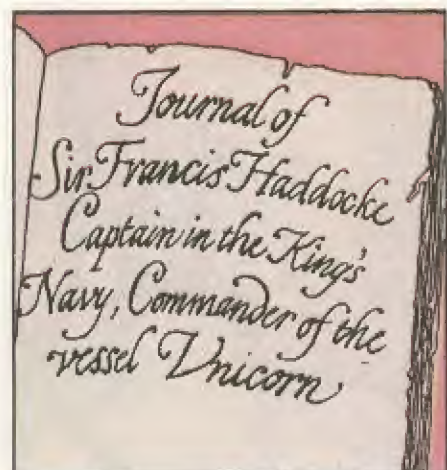
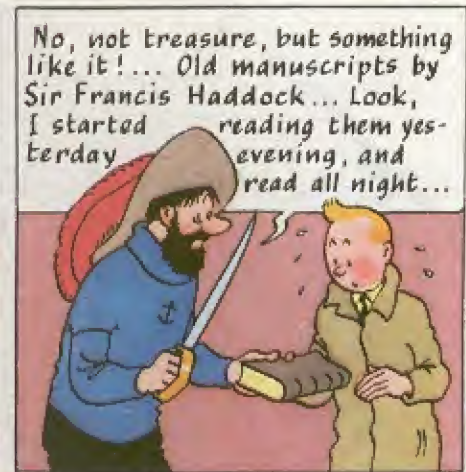
We must force the door. I'll be responsible for the damage...



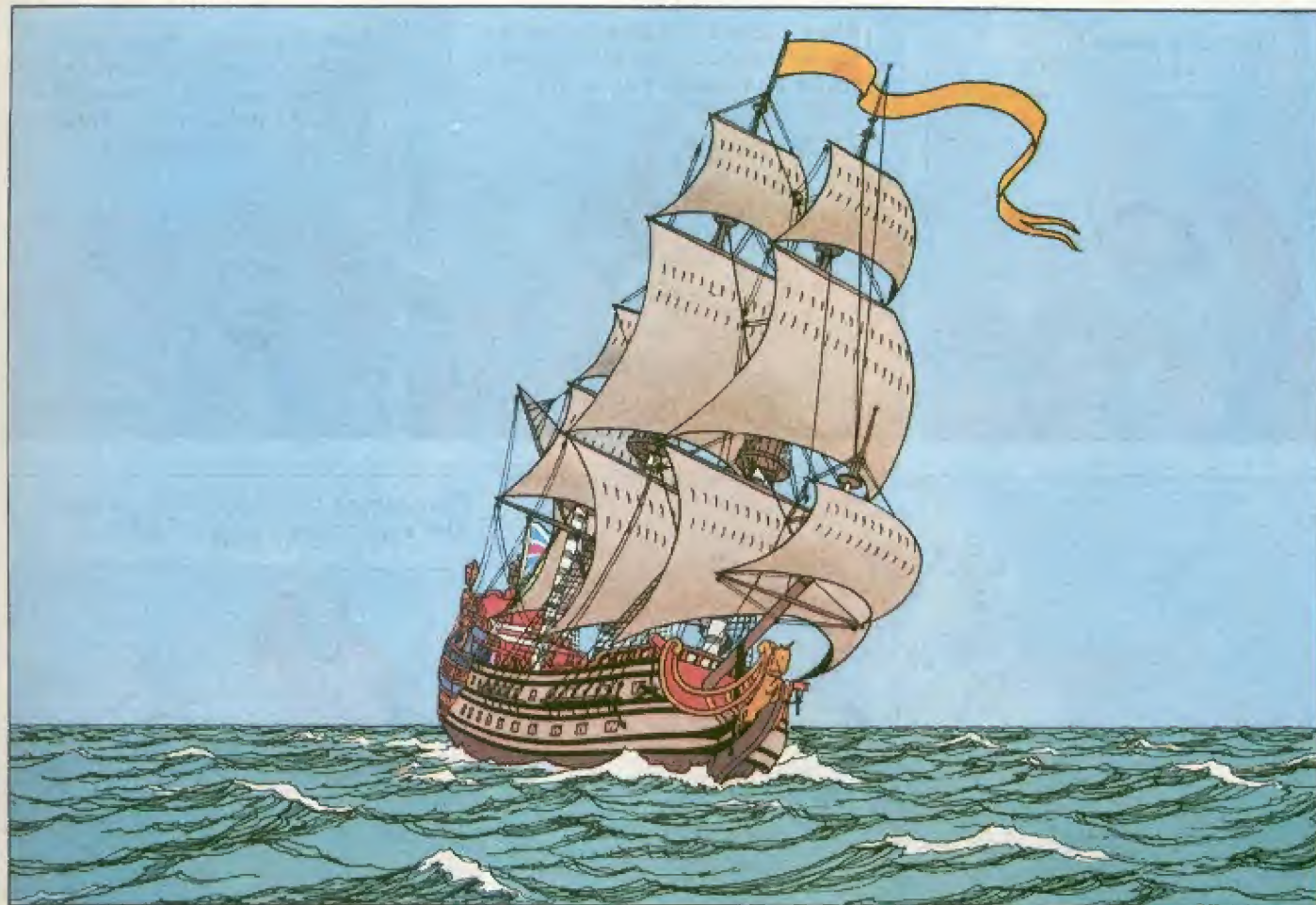
One... two...











Two days at sea, a good stiff breeze, and the UNICORN is reaching on the starboard tack. Suddenly there's a hail aloft...



Sail on the port bow!



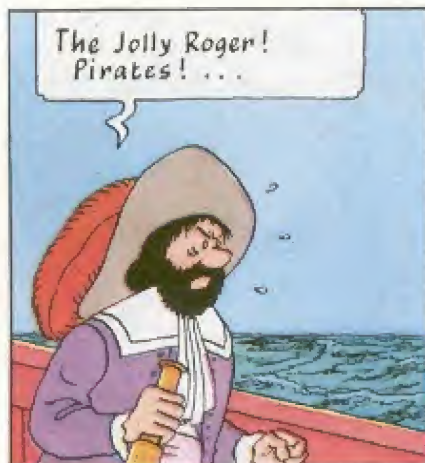
Thundering typhoons!... She's mighty close-hauled! Ration my rum if she's not going to cut across our bows!



And she's making a spanking pace! Oho! she's running up her colours.. Now we'll see...







The Jolly Roger!  
Pirates! ...



Ahoy there! ... Clear the decks  
for action! ... Man the poop! ...  
Stand by to haul the wind!



Turning on to the wind  
with all sails set, risking  
her masts, the UNICORN  
tries to outsail the dreaded  
Barbary buccaneers ...



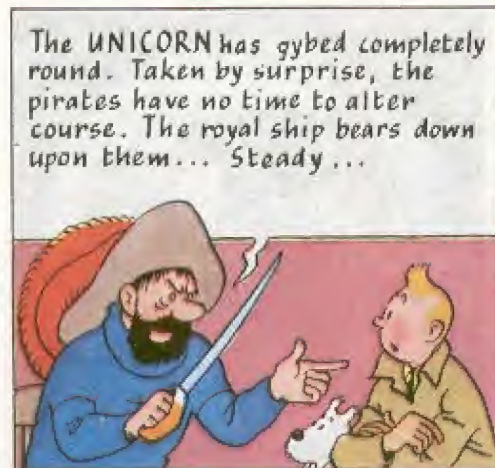
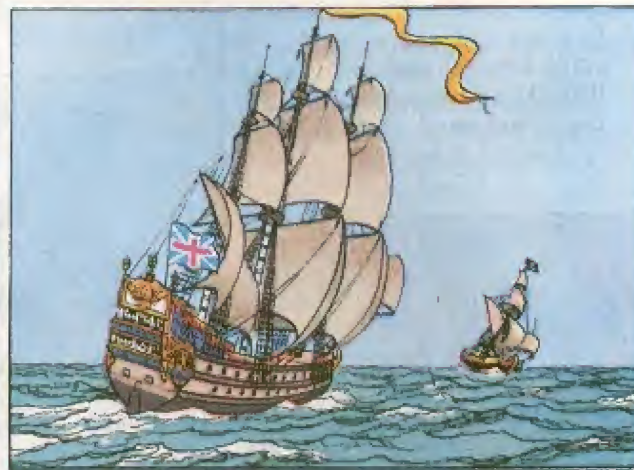
Thundering typhoons! It's no use ...  
She's overhauling us fast!



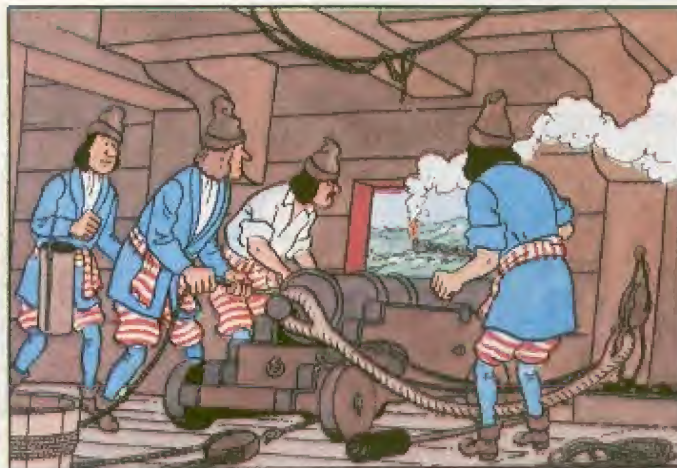
They must outwit the pirates.  
The Captain makes a daring plan.  
He'll wear ship, then pay off on the  
port tack. As the UNICORN comes  
abreast of the pirate he'll loose  
off a broadside ... No sooner  
said than done! ...



Ready about! ...  
Let go braces! ...  
Beat gunners to  
quarters!



The UNICORN has gybed completely  
round. Taken by surprise, the  
pirates have no time to alter  
course. The royal ship bears down  
upon them ... Steady ...

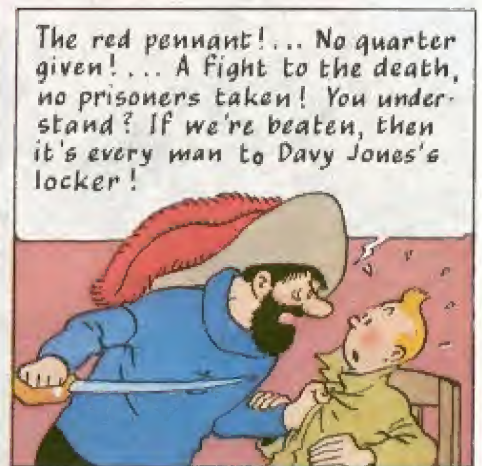
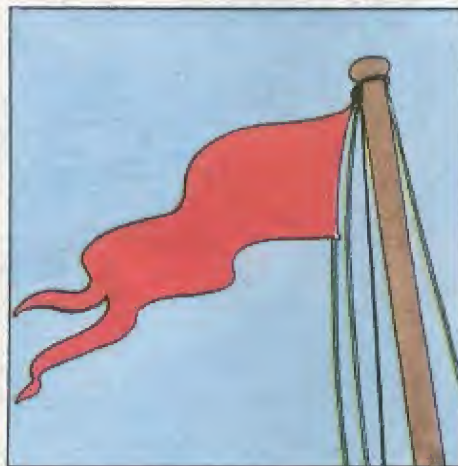


FIRE!

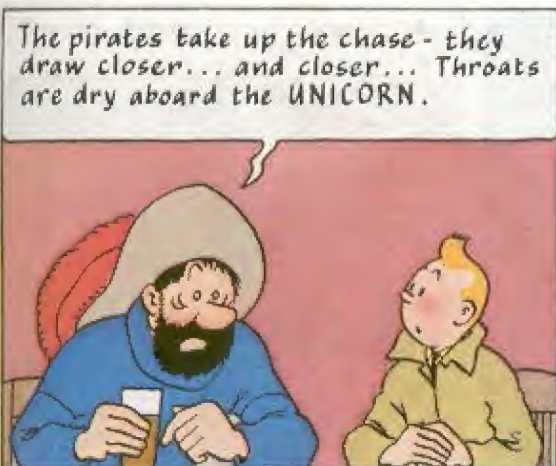




Got her, yes! But not a crippling blow. The pirate ship in turn goes about - and look! she's hoisted fresh colours to the mast-head!



The red pennant! ... No quarter given! ... A fight to the death, no prisoners taken! You understand? If we're beaten, then it's every man to Davy Jones's locker!



The pirates take up the chase - they draw closer... and closer... Throats are dry aboard the UNICORN.



Close hauled, the enemy falls in line astern with UNICORN, avoiding the fire of her guns... She draws closer...



Then suddenly, not more than half a cable's length away, she slips from under the UNICORN's poop... whoosh, like that!



Then she resumes her course. The two ships are now alongside. The boarders prepare for action...

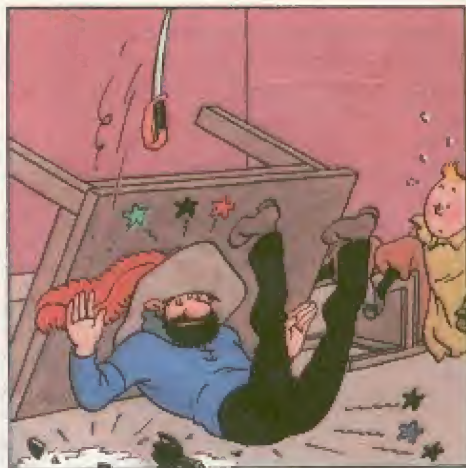




Here they come ! Grap-  
pling irons are hurled  
from the enemy ship.  
With hideous yells the  
pirates stream aboard  
the **UNICORN**.



All hands to — repel board-  
ers !









Leave this man to me, lads; I want him to my-  
self!

I'm ready for you, pockmark!



You'd like to kill me, eh gherkin?  
Scoffing braggart!



Saucy tramp! So, you'd  
kill me, would you?...



There! Take that,  
centipede!



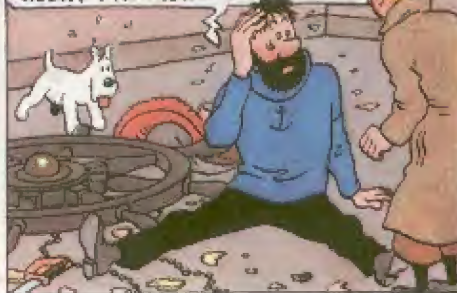
Oh, so you'd attack me  
from the rear, would  
you, cowards? ...



Then look out for squalls!



Well, that's more or less what  
happened to my ancestor. As  
he hurled himself on the  
pirates, a heavy block drop-  
ped  
on his head, and he fell to the  
deck, stunned.



The pirates were masters of  
the ship. They had  
hoisted the red pennant  
- and they gave no  
quarter. Every man  
jack walked the  
plank...



And Sir  
Francis?



Sir Francis?... When he came round he found himself securely lashed to his own mast. He suffered terribly...



No, from thirst!...



Poor man, how he suffered.



He looked about him. The deck was scrubbed, and no trace remained of the fearful combat that had taken place there. The pirates passed to and fro, each with a different load...



What's happening? Instead of pillaging our ship and making off with the booty, they're doing just the opposite.



But there's a man approaching. He wears a crimson cloak, embroidered with a skull: he's the pirate chief! He comes near - his breath reeks of rum - and he says:



Regard me ham!

well, dog: I am Red Rack-

Your servant, sir. And I am Sir Francis Haddock.



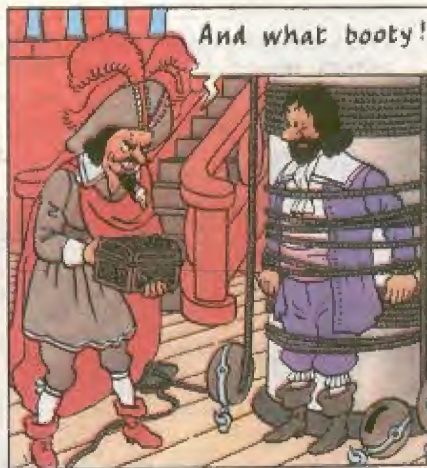
Doesn't my name freeze your blood, eh? Right. Listen to me. You have killed Diego the Dreadful, my trusty mate. More than half my crew are dead or wounded. My ship is foundering, damaged by your first attack, then holed below the waterline as we boarded you...



...when some of your dastardly gunners fired at point blank range. She's sinking... so my men are transferring to this ship the booty we captured from a Spaniard three days ago.



And what booty!



Look at these diamonds!





These are worth more than six times a king's ransom ...

Did you come here just to tell me that?



No, that's not why I came. I came to tell you that those who annoy me pay dearly for their folly! Tomorrow morning I shall hand you over to my crew. And that flock of lambs know just administering a lingering death!



So saying, he laughed sardonically, picked up his glass and drained it at a gulp, like this...



That's enough, Captain! Go on with your story...



Very well. Towards nightfall, the UNICORN with her pirate crew sighted a small island. Soon she dropped anchor in a sheltered cove...



Darkness fell; the pirates found the UNICORN's cargo of rum, broached the casks, and made themselves abominably drunk...



Abominably!... Yes abominably... that's the word...



Hey, what's the idea?... I only wanted to show you...

You don't have to, I quite understand.



Just as you like, Tintin... Now where was I?

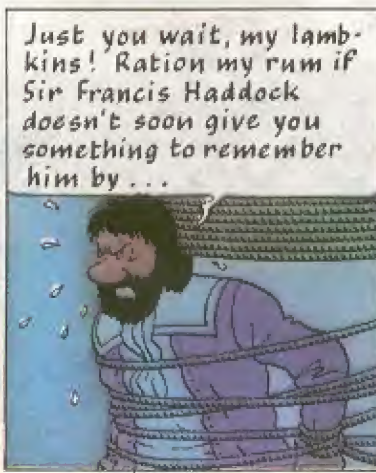
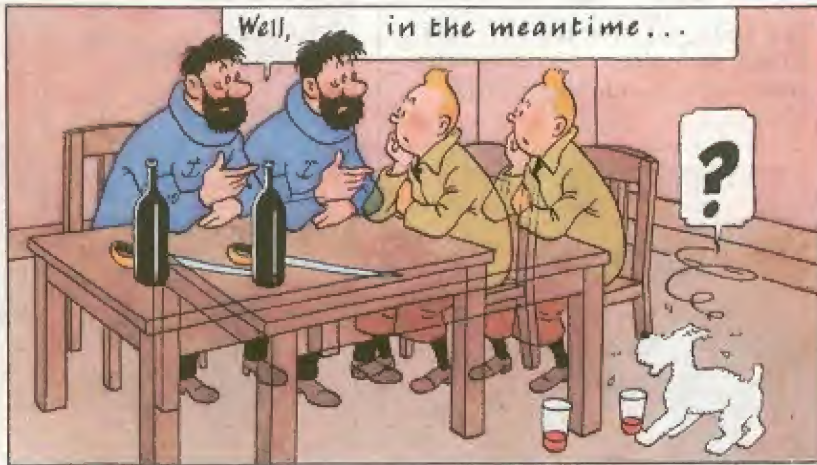
The pirates were abominably drunk...



AAAAA-AAAAH!









You know, of course, the magazine in a ship is where they store the gunpowder and shot...



There!... The party won't be complete without some fireworks!



Now I must make haste! There's just time for me to leave the ship before she goes up!



So, I've caught you!



So, dog, high! ... Well, you won't have that pleasure! I'll skin you alive, before I even douse that fuse!



By Lucifer! I'll shave your beard, porcupine!

And I'll pluck those feathers, squawking popinjay! Fancy-dress freebooter! Fresh-water pirate! Pithecanthropus!



Retreat as you may, you cannot escape me!

I'll run you through, prattling porpoise!





And as he fought, Sir Francis kept thinking of that fuse, about to touch off the powder at any moment



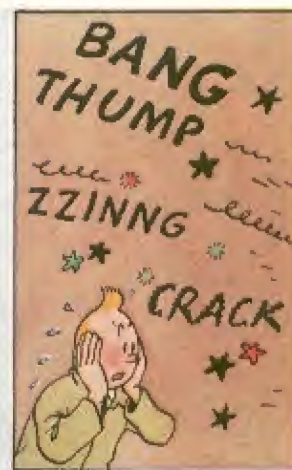
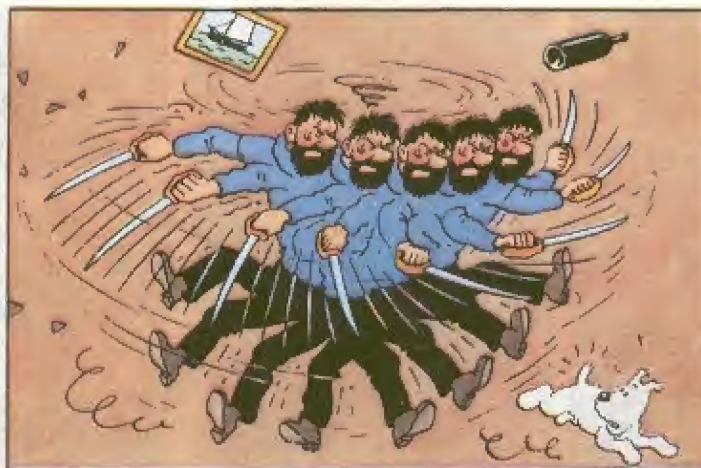
Suddenly, nimbly parrying a thrust, he leapt to one side...



With one swift blow from his heel he extinguished the fuse!



Now, Red Rackham, my temper's rising!



Victory! Red Rackham lies dead! With a yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!



That's that! May heaven forgive your wicked soul!



Enough delay! Now to light another fuse...



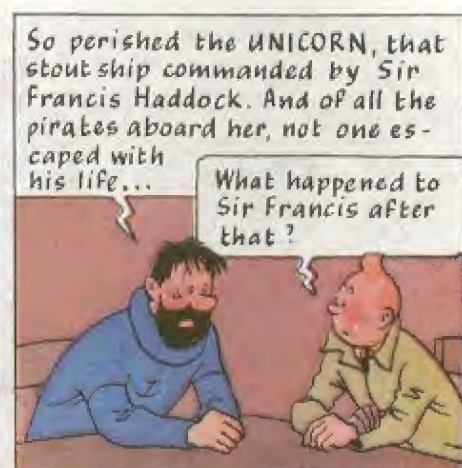
...and be off!



No one has seen me: they're still drinking. Quick, into the jolly-boat...







He made friends with the natives on the island, and lived among them for two years. Then he was picked up by a ship which carried him back home. There his journal ends. But now comes the strangest thing in the whole story...



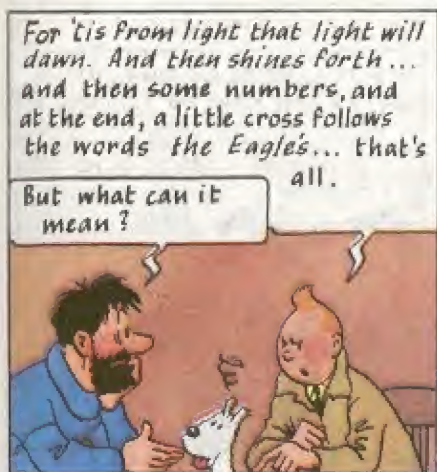
On the last page of the manuscript there is a sort of Will, in which he bequeaths to each of his three sons a model - built and rigged by himself - a model of the very ship he once blew up rather than leave her to the pirates. There's one funny detail: he tells his sons to move the mainmast slightly aft on each model. "Thus," he concludes, "the truth will out".



That's it, Captain!...  
Red Rackham's treasure  
will be ours!









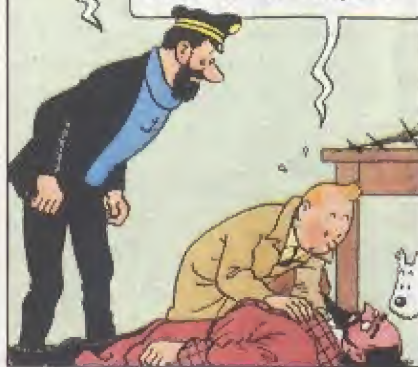
What's the matter? OOH!...



Ooooh! Lord love us! It's Mr. Sakharine... Someone's murdered Mr. Sakharine!...



Dead? No, he's alive: his heart's beating. He's been chloroformed...



Tintin, look there! The second UNICORN... and the mast's broken!



Look! The foot of the mast is hollow: the parchment has gone!

Thundering typhoons! We aren't the only ones hunting for Red Rackham's treasure!



Don't move, anyone!



Ah, my old friends! I...

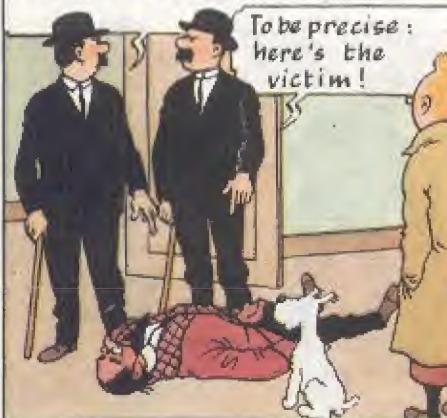
I'm sorry. We're on duty. On duty we can have no friends!

Quite right! We're here to clear up this business...



First, here's the victim...

To be precise: here's the victim!



Now, if there's a victim, there must be a culprit.

A brilliant deduction! Now we only have to find him... and he can't be far away. To be precise: he isn't far away...



In fact, there he is!





Me, the culprit? You dare accuse me?... Miserable earth-worms!... Sea-gherkins!



Slave-traders!... Sea-lice!... Black-beetles!... Baboons!



Artichokes!... Vermicellis!... Phylloxera!... Pyrographers!



Crab-apples!... Goosecaps!... Gogglers!... Jelly-fish!



Captain! Captain! Calm yourself!

Yes, please calm yourself, Captain. We only said that by way of an experiment...



What sort of experiment?

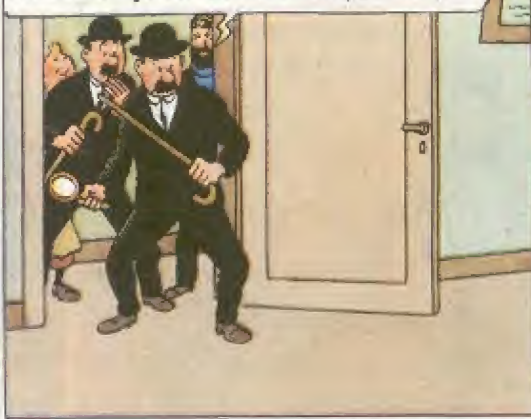
You see, if you really had been guilty, you'd have been upset. As it is, we are now quite convinced of your innocence.



Now, to work! We must look for fingerprints.



Goodness gracious!...The corpse has gone!



Look!...Your corpse is coming round!



What happened to you, Mr Sakharine?



A man came here last night, to offer me some fine old engravings. As I bent over to look at them I felt a pad clamped over my nose...

No doubt it was chloroform, for I became unconscious...



Very odd... To be precise... Can you smell something burning?





Your magnifying-glass! Ha! ha! ha! ... your magnifying-glass... and the sun! ... Ha! ha! ha! ...



Stop laughing in that stupid way! Try to concentrate on the case.



Can you describe the man who came to offer you those engravings?

Wait... I seem to have seen him before ... but I can't tell where...



He was rather fat. Black hair, and a little black moustache. He wore a blue suit, and a brown hat.

That's him! ... That's the man in the Old Street Market!



What man in the Old Street Market?

A man who tried to buy the ship I found in the Old Street Market. You know him too: he's the one you met on the stairs on your way to see me last night. You suspected him of stealing your wallet ...



By the way, do you know mine has been stolen too? ...

No! It's extraordinary how many people let their wallets be stolen! It's so easy not to... Here, you try and take mine...



Go on, try! ...



It's on elastic!

Simple enough... If you only think of it!



Childishly simple, in fact. But now we must leave you to your investigations. Goodbye ...

Goodbye.



If things go on like this, Red Rackham's treasure will disappear from under our noses ...

Yes, I'm afraid so ...



Look, someone seems to be waiting for us outside my door ...



The man from the Old Street Market!

Mr. Tintin? ...









Next morning...

# SHOOTING DRAMA

AN unknown man was shot dead in Labrador Road just before midday yesterday. As he was about to enter No. 26, three shots were fired from a passing car which had slowed down opposite him. The victim was struck by all three bullets in the region of the heart. He died without regaining consciousness.

Poor devil. No one will ever know what he meant when he pointed to those sparrows.



Hello, Captain! Come in... I'm just telephoning the hospital for news of the wounded man...

It's no good: he's dead.



Hello?... Is that the House-Surgeon? This is Tintin... Good-morning, Doctor. How's our injured man? Just the same? Still unconscious?... Is there any hope? A little... yes... Thank you. Goodbye.



But look here: it says in the paper that he's dead.

Yes, the papers were told he'd died. The crooks will believe he didn't give them away, so they won't be on their guard, and they'll get caught one day.



Ah, I see now. But I still wonder what that poor chap meant, pointing at those sparrows...

So do I, Captain. It's all very mysterious. "To be precise: very mysterious", as the Thomsons would say.



Another day watching for pickpockets all over the place. I'll be glad to get back home.



Here comes our bus at last!



My wallet!... This time I've got you, you scoundrel!



Stop, villain!



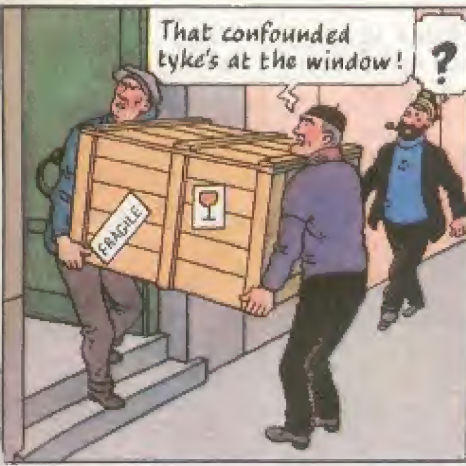
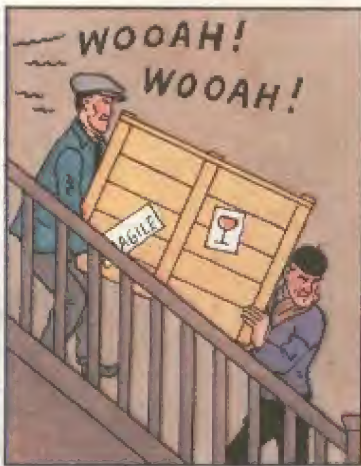








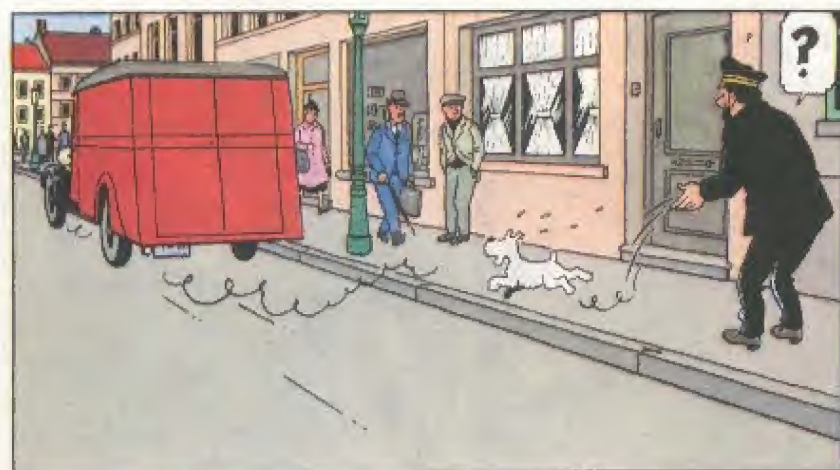








Snowy!... Snowy!... Be careful! You'll fall!



The dog's gone crazy: look at him chasing that van.

It's funny: he never leaves his master, as a rule.



Is Mr Tintin upstairs?

Yes, he's in.



Mrs. Finch!... Mrs. Finch!... Tintin isn't in his room!

Not in? ... Then where can he be?



Next morning...



Where on earth am I?



It looks very much as if I'm a prisoner ...



Yes, a prisoner!



Nobody there! But I wasn't dreaming: someone spoke!



Yes, someone spoke!



Who... who are you?... And where are you?



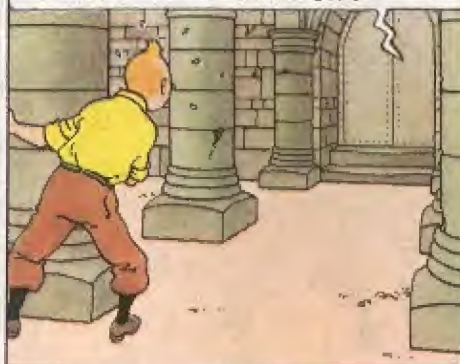
Who am I? I am the ghost of the captain of the UNICORN!



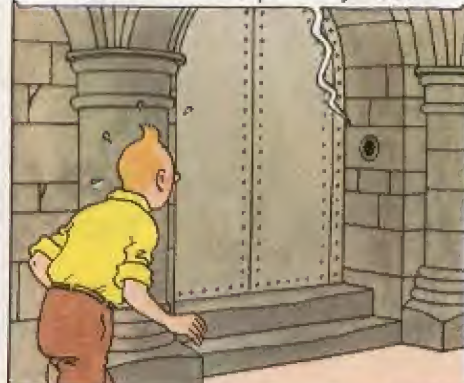
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! ... That frightened you, didn't it?... Come over to the door... Come on.



Come nearer. Good... Now, can you see the speaking-tube?



Who are you, and what do you want with me?

Who am I?... You must allow me to remain anonymous... And why did I have you kidnapped? You have guessed that, no doubt...



I want to know where you have hidden the two parchments you stole from me.

Me? I stole two parchments?... But I never had more than one.



Come on now, let's be sensible! I'd collected two of the three scrolls: you took them from me. That night when I had your flat searched, only the third one was found... in your wallet. Where are the other two?

How should I know?



As you like. But I warn you: I know of several ways to loosen stubborn tongues... I'll give you two hours to tell me where you hid those scrolls, then if you won't talk, you'll soon see the sort of man I am!

But I tell you... Oh he's cut off, the gangster!



Now I'm in a fine mess! How do I get out of this one?







Two hours! ... Two hours to get out of here! ... How can I do it?



I wonder if I could use this beam as a battering-ram, against the door...



Hopeless! I can hardly lift it...



No good. But in two hours I must be miles away...



Eureka!



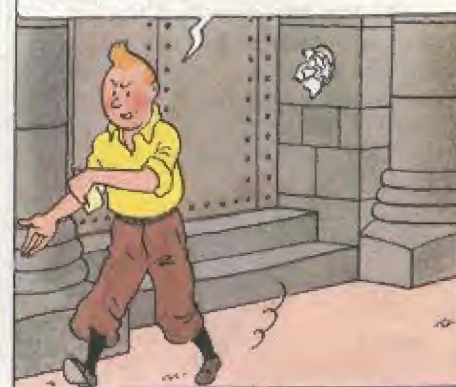
First I'd better block up this speaking tube with my handkerchief.



Then no one will hear any noise I may make...



Now to work! As fast as I can...





First I'll knot these sheets and blankets together...



Then tie them securely to this beam...



And pull! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave! ...



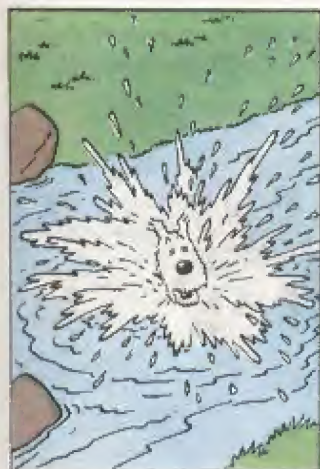
Start again: I've simply got to move this beam. Now...



Meanwhile...



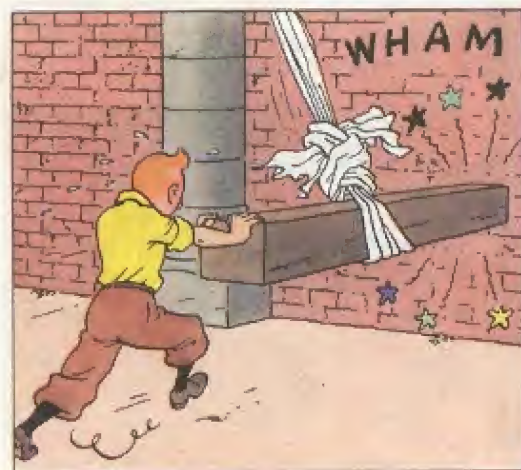
A quick bath and I'll soon get rid of this mud.



Aha! It's good to be nice and clean again.











It's coming from the cellars all right.

BOOM



Now, one last go: the wall's cracked already, so...



Hooray, there she goes!

CRASH



?



!?



It's a musical-box! It fell over, and started to play!



There he is!

?



Over there... By thunder, he's rammed a hole through the wall!



Stop!... Stop!... Little devil, he's bolted!

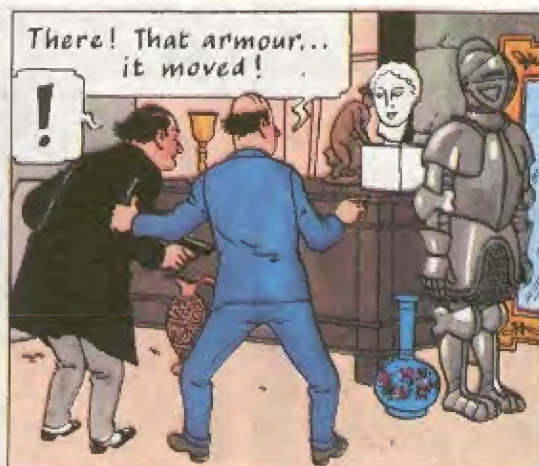


See him?...

There are plenty of hiding places here. But we'll get him.



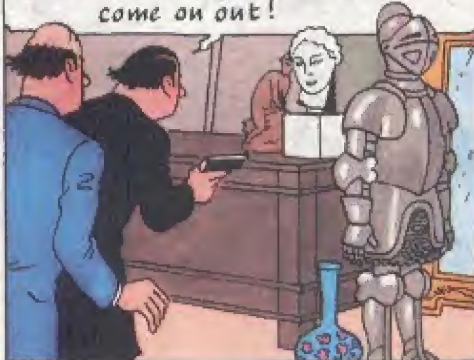
Careful! We must be on our guard...



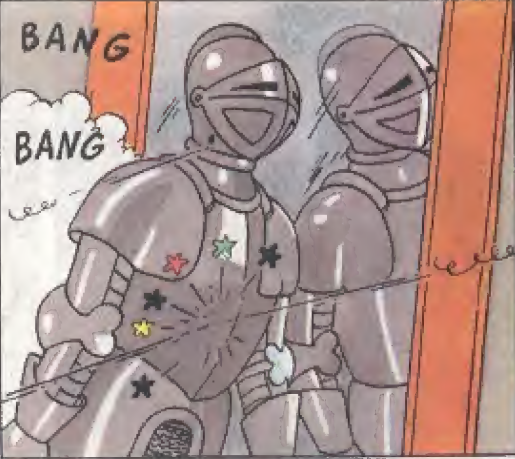
There! That armour... it moved!



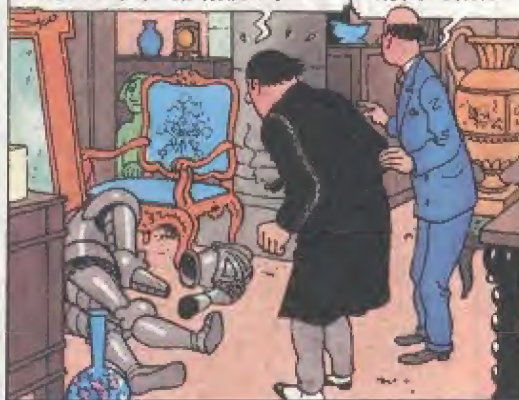
So, my friend, you thought you'd be smart and hide in a suit of armour. Well, you're caught: come on out!



You won't? That's too bad for you! I'll count up to three and then I fire. One... two... three...



Confound it! He wasn't inside the armour!



Did you hear that?

Yes, it's nothing. A bullet ricocheted off the armour and struck that gong over there. Come on, don't let's waste time...



Where! What luck! ... They've gone past. I'll just slip out...



Where are they? I can't see them...



CUCKOO!



CUCKOO!... CUCKOO!... CUCKOO!



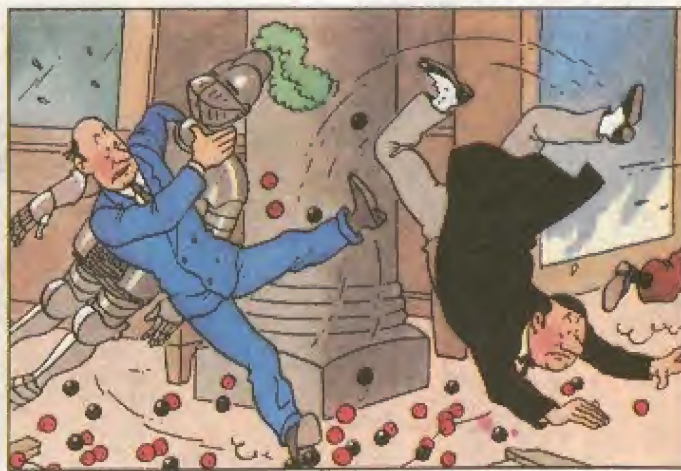
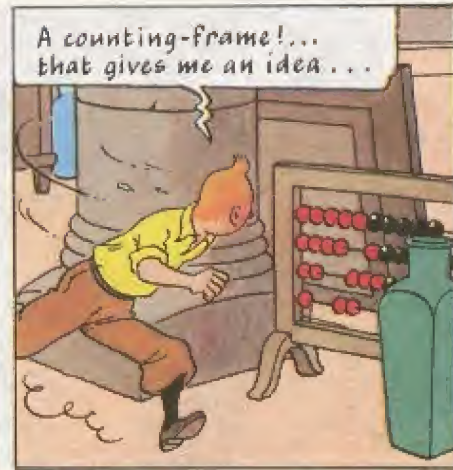
Stupid! That's not Tintin: it's a cuckoo-clock striking. Come, let's get on with it.



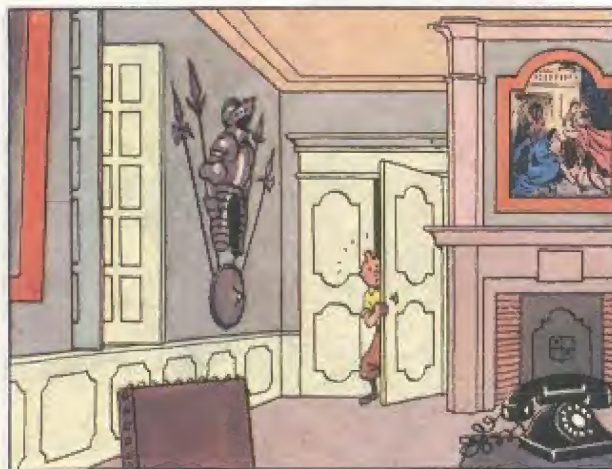
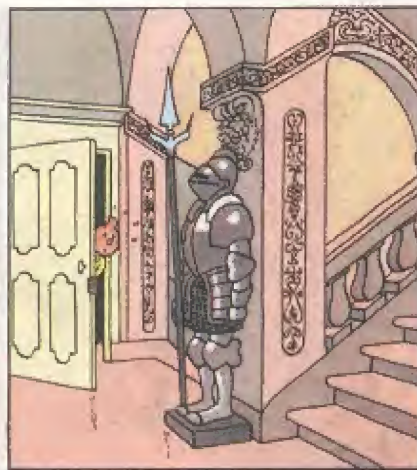
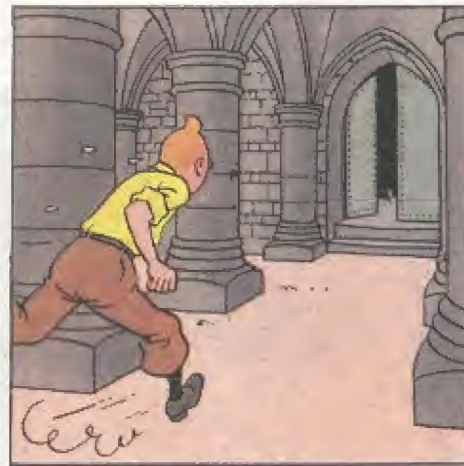
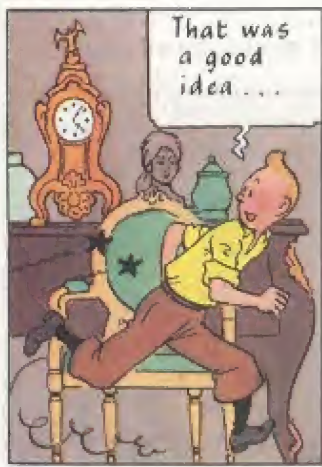
On you go, Tintin! You're in luck!













Now I see what he meant - the man who was shot-pointing to the birds. He was giving us the name of his attackers! ... Just look at this letter ...



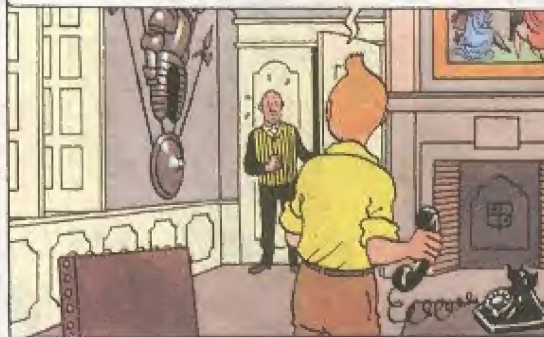
Quick, let's ring up the Captain ...



Hello... yes... it's me... yes... Who's speaking? What? Tintin! ... I... Where are you? Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... Are you there?...



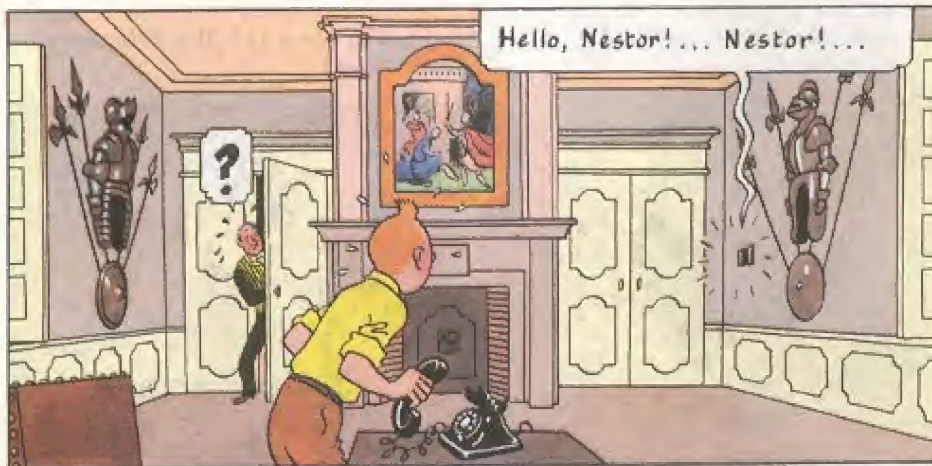
What am I doing here?... I... er... I'm Mr. Bird's new secretary. Didn't you know that?...



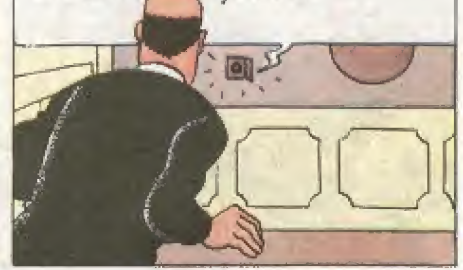
I... no, I hadn't heard. Please excuse me, sir.



Hello, Nestor!... Nestor!...



Hello, Nestor!... A young ruffian's broken into the house! Stop him telephoning his accomplices! We're coming at once. Don't let him get away, whatever you do!



Hello, Captain! I'm at Marlinspike Hall... Bring the police!

Drop that telephone, you!

... What?... No, not in Greece - in Marlinspike Hall!



Starlings bite?... Hello?... Hello?... Starlings bite what?...



Marlinspike, Captain! Marlinspike Hall!

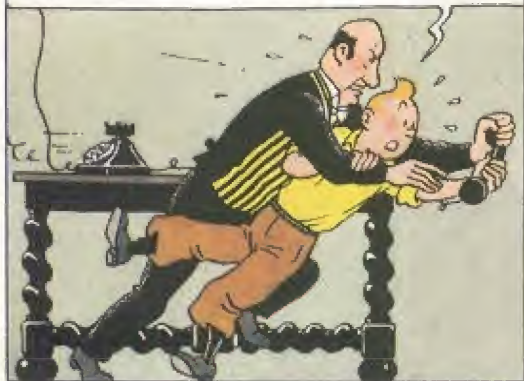


What?... Martin's bike?... Hello?... Hello?... Thundering typhoons! What's going on?





Marlinspike Hall! ... Marlin-  
spike!



Hello, Captain? Can you hear  
me?... I'm at Marlinspike  
Hall! No, Marlinspike's  
the name!



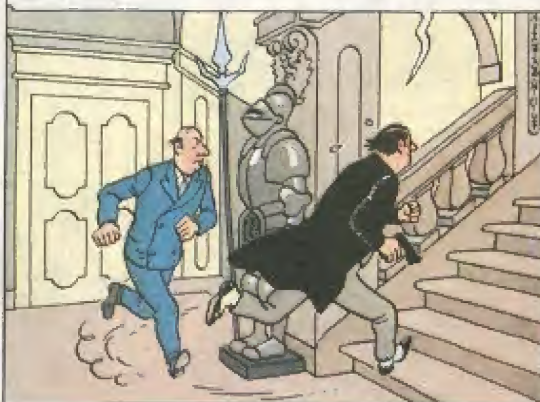
What?...  
What sort of  
game?...  
Hello! He's  
rung off!



HELP!  
HELP!



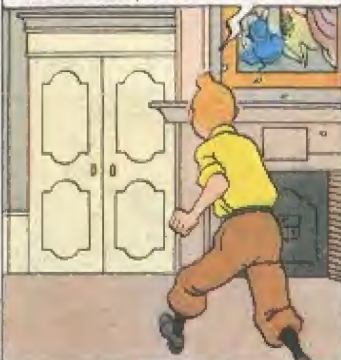
That was Nestor's voice!



That's torn it! The telephone's  
broken!



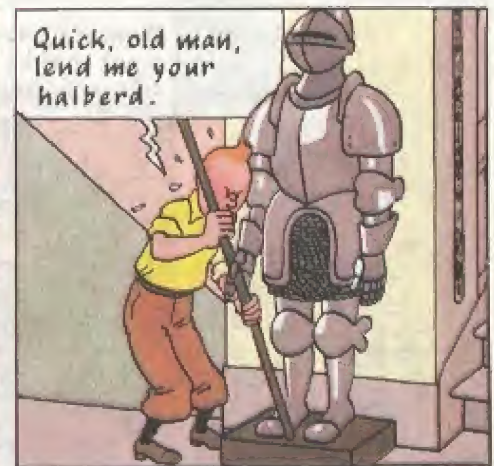
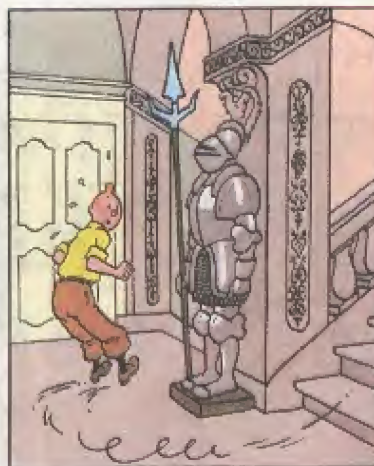
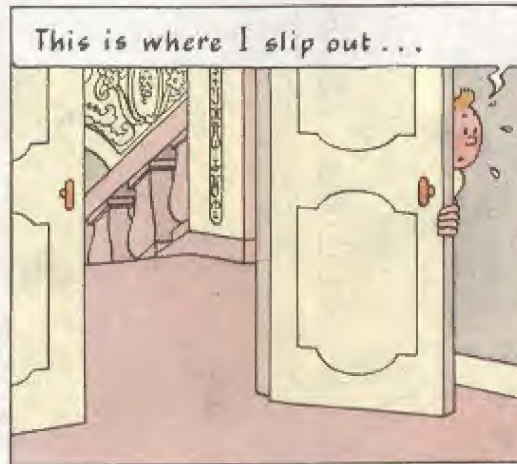
There's only one thing  
to do - run for it -  
double quick!



If he's here he can't escape us...





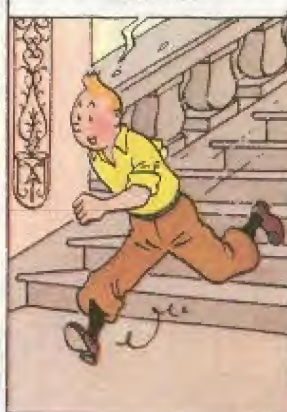




Steady... they're coming!



This way out!



The front door just slammed.  
Get up, you two. He'll escape  
us...



Free at last!



There he goes!



Crumbs, they're  
after me again!

Missed! He's disap-  
peared among the trees!



Fetch Brutus, Nestor!  
Quickly!

Brutus?  
Very well, sir!



What an enor-  
mous park: it's  
like a forest...



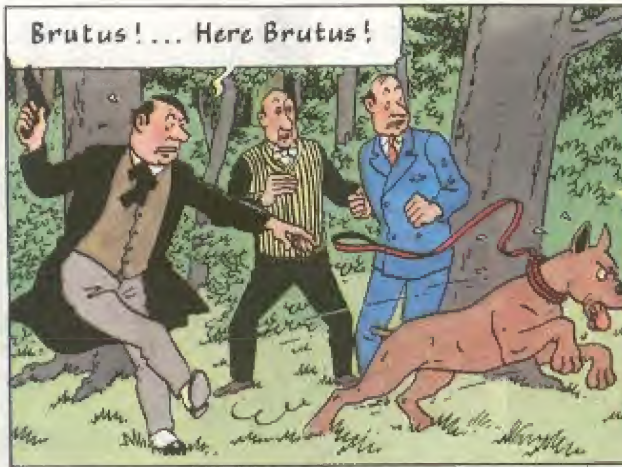
WOOF!  
WOOF!



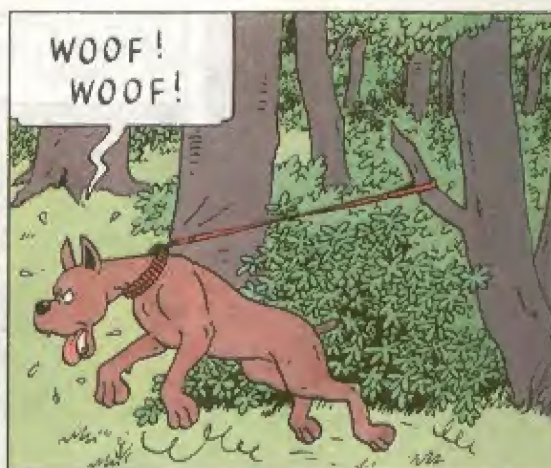
Find him, Brutus! Find him!

















Where are they going?  
... Oh, I see: that  
little wretch is taking  
care to put Brutus  
back in his kennel.



WOOF!  
WOOF!

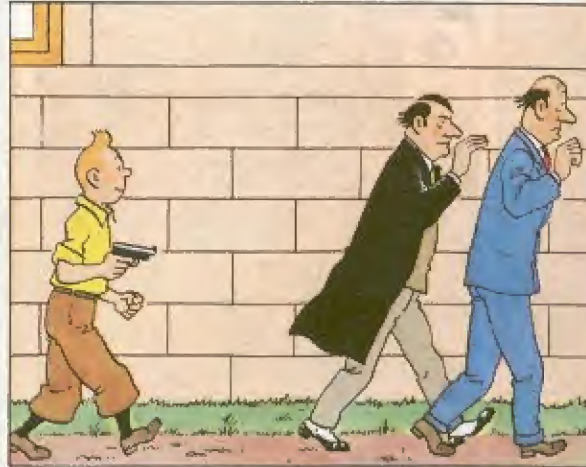


That's that! And now, gentle-  
men, we'll go to the police-  
station!

They're coming back this  
way: they'll pass under  
the ground-floor win-  
dows. Perhaps there's  
some way...



Keep cool, Nestor!



Here they come!  
Careful, don't miss...



Oh, dear, I didn't hit  
him hard enough...



Now then,  
once more...

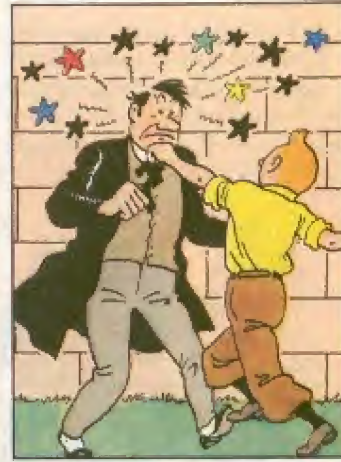
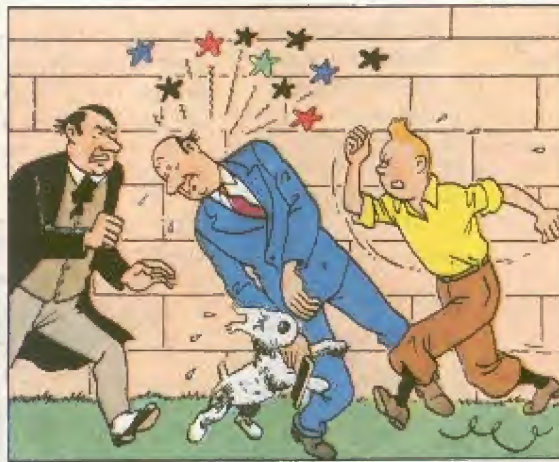
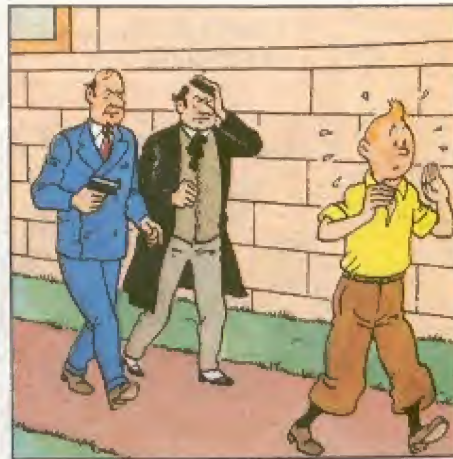


Oh dear!!



Got you this time,  
my young friend!









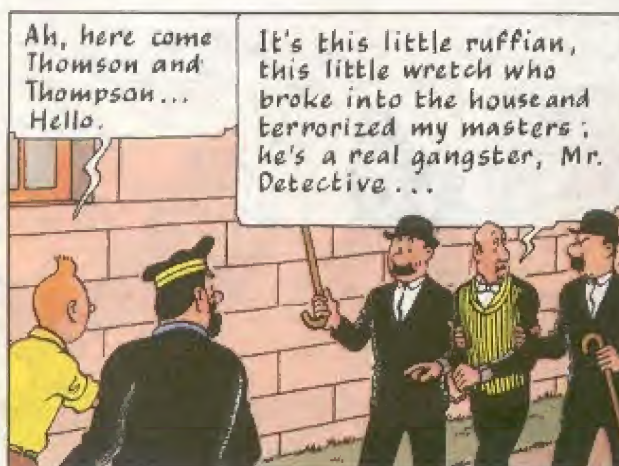
That's one for you, sycophant!



That thug had come round - he was just going to shoot you ...

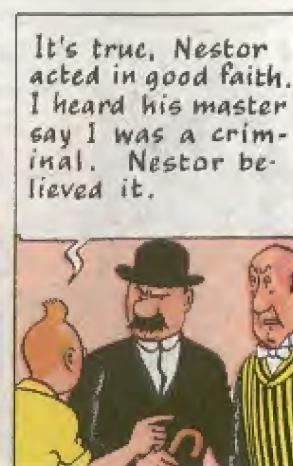


Let me go! ... I keep telling you - it's all a mistake: I'm not the one to arrest, ...



Ah, here come Thomson and Thompson ... Hello.

It's this little ruffian, this little wretch who broke into the house and terrorized my masters; he's a real gangster, Mr. Detective ...



It's true, Nestor acted in good faith. I heard his master say I was a criminal. Nestor believed it.



Then your masters are the criminals. Look what's left of my bottle of three-star brandy! It's all their fault! ... They're gangsters! ... dizzards!.. baboons!

And what's more, we have a warrant for their arrest.



My wallet! My wallet! It's incredible!



But your wallet's there ...

That's just what's incredible: no one has stolen it!



By the way, what about that pickpocket! ... Have you managed to lay hands on him?

Not yet, but it won't be long now.



We got his name from the Stellar Cleaners: he's called Aristides Silk. We were just about to pull him in when we were ordered to arrest the Bird brothers, and here we are ...



Quiet! Quiet! Listen to me!



Gentlemen, there has been a miscarriage of justice! This man is innocent, as Tintin said. Won't you take off these handcuffs... and let him go and fetch me another bottle of brandy?



There, my man, now you're free. And we'll use these handcuffs for your masters!



We'll follow you, Nestor. Don't forget: it's to be three-star!



Now, Captain, tell me how you came to be here.



Oh, yes... Right. Well...

Just after your telephone call - and I didn't understand a word of that - someone rang up from the hospital...



... where they still had the little-birds-man. After hovering between life and death, he'd just come round and identified his attackers: the Bird brothers, antique dealers of Marlinspike Hall. It was only when I heard that name...



... that I understood what you meant on the telephone. There was no time to lose: I warned the police at once, and we rushed here...



WHAM \* OH! WHAM OW!



We shouldn't have left the police with those two gangsters!...



Look!... one's escaping!... there! He's just turned the corner!



He's the most dangerous of the two: he mustn't get away!



A car! That's a car starting up!

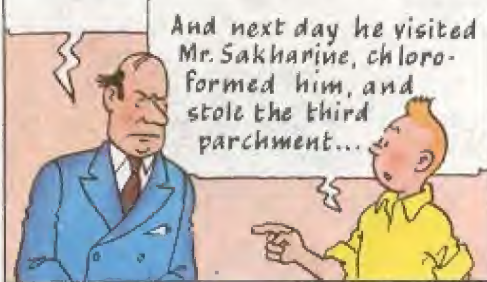








Barnaby came back empty-handed. Then he suddenly remembered the other man who'd been trying to buy the ship from you.

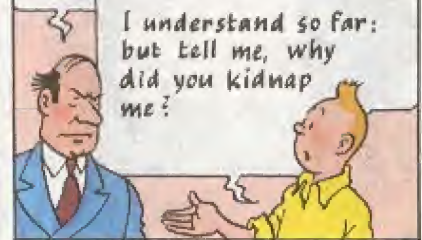


And next day he visited Mr. Sakharine, chloroformed him, and stole the third parchment...

That's right. But after he'd given it to us, he and Max quarrelled violently about the money we'd agreed he should have. Barnaby demanded more, but Max stuck to the original sum. Finally Barnaby went, furiously angry and saying we'd regret our meanness. When he'd gone, Max got cold feet: supposing the wretch betrayed us? We jumped into the car and trailed him; our fears were justified. We saw him speaking...



... to you. Panicking in case he'd given the whole game away, Max caught up with you in a few seconds, and shot Barnaby as he stepped into your doorway.



I understand so far: but tell me, why did you kidnap me?

We told you: to make you give up the two parchments you had stolen from us a few days after the shooting.



I see. But I couldn't have stolen them as I didn't know you existed! But I wonder... Perhaps it was...

Yes, perhaps it was Mr. Sakharine who took the two scrolls?



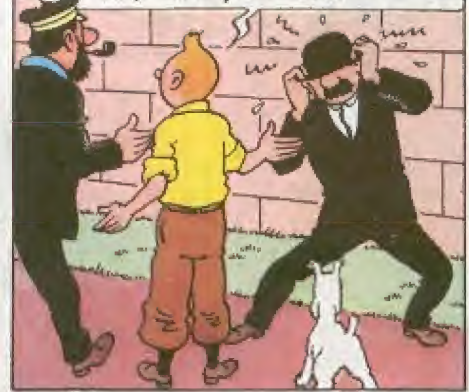
Hurrah! That's it!



At last! ... He's managed to get it off for me...



Come on, Captain, we'd better help this poor chap...



Ready! Steady! He-e-eave!



Whoops!







Captain, as soon as we return we'll see Mr. Sakharine. I'm sure he took the two scrolls ...

Yes, we've got one ...

One! Great snakes! We haven't even got that! The Bird brothers took it! But we can get it back!

Give me back the parchment you stole from my room!



Give it back? ... That's impossible... Max has it in his pocket!



Ring up the police-station at once, give them a description of Max Bird, and his car number - LX 188. Then we'll go straight back to town...

Right!



*Next morning...*

Now for Mr. Sakharine...



Mr. Sakharine? He's gone away, young man. He won't be back for a fortnight.



He would be away! That doesn't make things any easier!



In the meantime I'll go and see the Thomsons. Perhaps they'll be able to tell me if they've found Max Bird...



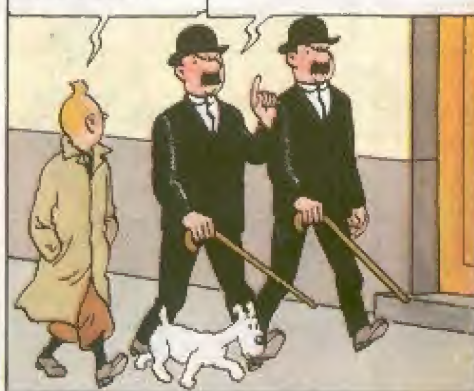
Good morning. Are you going out? ... I just came to ask you...

Sh! Mum's the word! Come with us!



Where are we going?

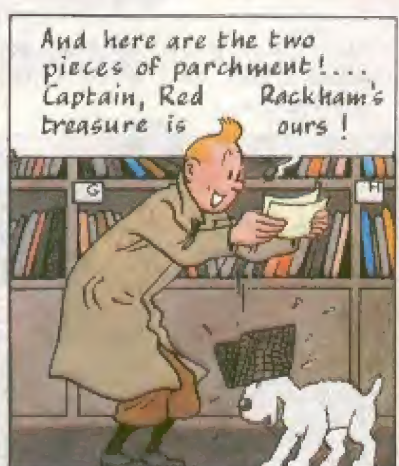
You'll soon see...



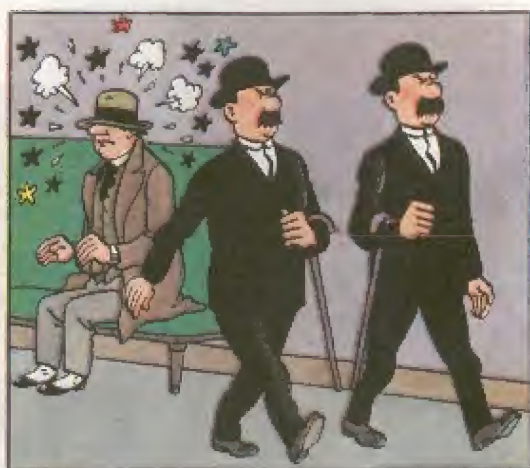
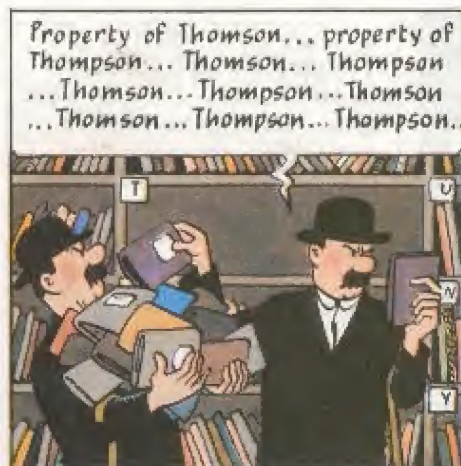
*... and a few minutes later...*













Three Brothers joyed. Three Unicorns in  
company sailing in the noonday Sunne  
will speak.  
For 'tis from the Light that Light will  
dawn. And then shines forth  
the Eagle's #

Three  
company will spe  
For 'tis from the Light that Light will  
dawn. And then shines forth  
the Eagle's #

Three Unicorns in  
noonday Sunne  
Light that Light will  
dawn. And then shines forth  
the Eagle's #

No! No! and No! You can go on hunting if you want to, but I've had enough: I give up. Blistering barnacles to that pirate Red Rackham, and his treasure! I'd sooner do without it; I'm not racking my brains any more trying to make sense out of that gibberish! Thundering typhoons! What a thirst it's given me!



I've got it, Captain!...  
I've got it!...



The message is right when it says that it is "from the light that light will dawn!" Look, I put them together...



... and hold them, "sailing in company," in front of the light. Look now! See what comes through!...

Thundering typhoons!  
The numbers and letters are completed, and it gives us...

Three Brothers joyed. Three Unicorns in  
company sailing in the noonday Sunne  
will speak.  
For 'tis from the Light that Light will  
dawn. And then shines forth  
the Eagle's #



A latitude and a longitude!

Obviously telling us  
where the UNICORN  
sank!



Now, Captain... When do  
we leave on our treasure-  
hunt?

When do we leave?  
... Er...



Let's see... First we need a ship... We  
can charter the SIRIUS, a trawler be-  
longing to my friend, Captain Chester...  
Then we need a crew, some diving suits  
and all the right equipment for this  
sort of expedition... That will take  
us a little time to arrange. We'd bet-  
ter say a month. Yes, in a  
month we could be ready to leave.



Red Rackham's  
treasure will  
be ours!



But of course it won't be  
easy, and we shall certainly  
have plenty of adventures on  
our treasure-hunt... You  
can read about them in  
**RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE**



• HERGE •

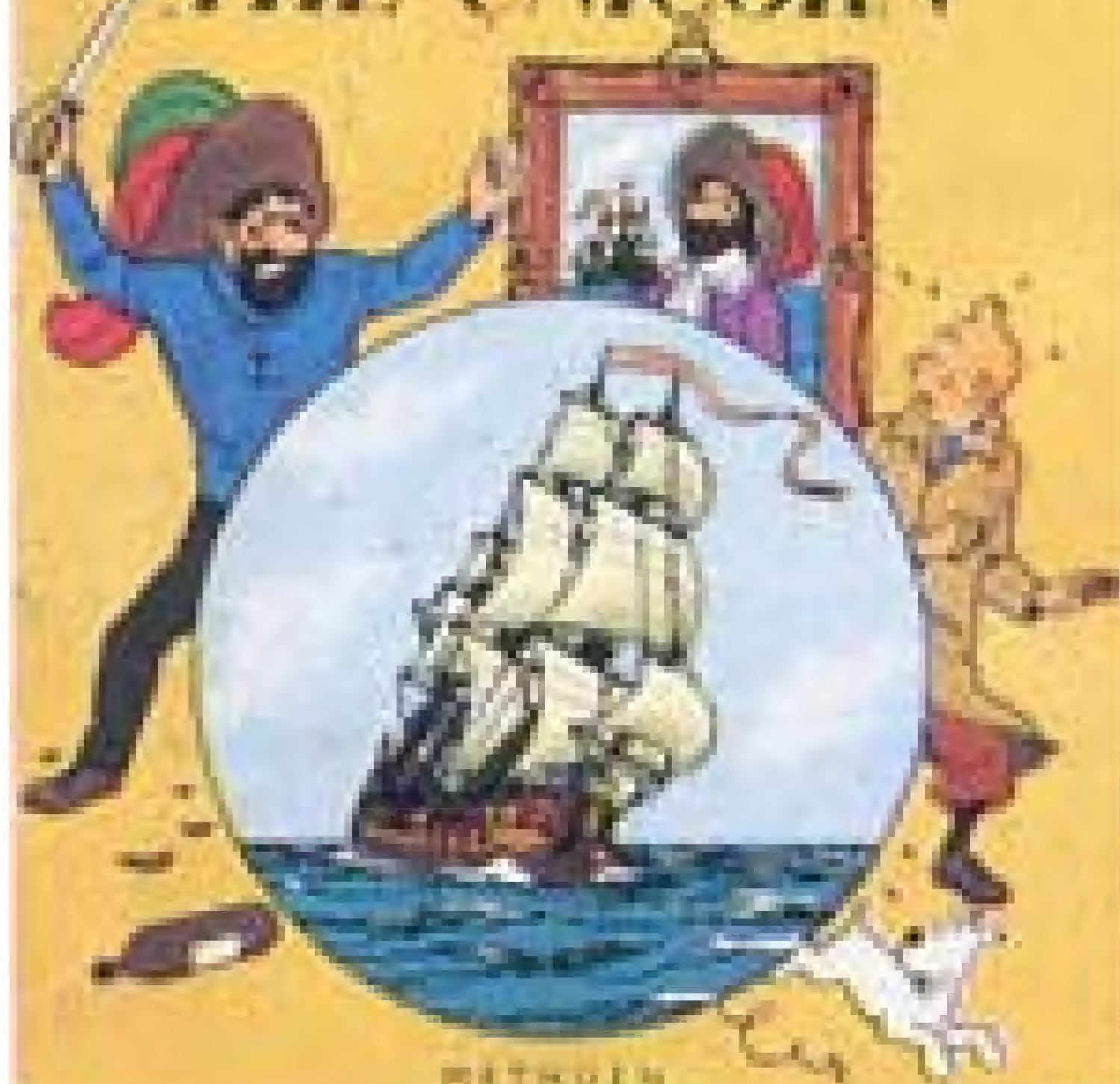




WELSH

THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

# THE SECRET OF *THE UNICORN*



HERGÉ